

1. Oh, Could I speak the match-less worth, Oh, could I sound the glo-ries forth, Which in my Sa-vior shine! I'd soar and touch the

2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood he spilt, My ran-som from the dread-ful guilt, Of sin and wrath di - vine; I'd sing his glo-rious

3. I'd sing the char - ac - ters he bears, And all the forms of love he wears, Ex - al-ted on his throne; In loft-iest songs of

4. Well the de - light - ful day will come, When my dear Lord will bring me home, And I shall see his face; Then, with my Sa - vior,

heav'n-ly strings, And vie with Ga-briel while he sings In notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.

right - eous-ness, In which all per - fect heav'n-ly dress, My soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.

sweet - est praise, I would to ev - er - last - ing days, Make all his glo-ries known, Make all his glo - ries known.

Broth - er, Friend, A blest e - ter - ni - ty I'll spend, Tri - umph - ant in his grace, Tri - umph - ant in his grace.